

Pride's Fall;

O R,

A Warning for all English Women, by the Example of a strange Monster lately born in Germany, by a Merchant's proud Wife at Geneva.

ENGLAND's fair dainty Dames,
see here the Fall of Pride,
that God may be your Guide:
I was a Dutch-land frow,
shining in Beauty bright;
And a brave Merchant's Wife,
in whom he took Delight.

All things I had at Will,
my Heart could wish or crave;
My Diet dainty fare,
my Garments rich and brave;
No Wife in Germany,
where I in Pleasure dwell'd,
For golden Bravery
my Person so excell'd:

My Coaches richly wrought,
and deckt with Pearl and Gold,
Carried me up and down,
whereas my Pleasure would:
The Earth I deem'd too base
my Feet to tread upon,
My blooming Crimson Cheeks

My Beauty made me think
myself an Angel bright,
Framed of heavenly Mould,
and not an earthly Wight;
For all my Happiness,
God's Holy Bible Book,
I had my Looking-Glass,
wherein I Pleasure took.

There was no Fashion found,
that might advance my Pride,
But in my Looking-Glass,
my Fancy soon espy'd:
Every vain foolish Toy
changeth my wanton Mind,
And they best pleased me
that could new Fashions find.

I all these Earthly Joys
wielded me, & did me wrong,
that I durst not use
ne'er a Child to me lent
but make my Heart to bleed,
for which Offence to God,
he hath most grievously
scourged me with his Rod
and in my tender Womb,
of so pure Blood,
cated her strange to see
A most deformed Brood;
That Women of wanton Pride
may take Example by,
How they in Fashions fond
thend the Lord on high.

When the Babe came to light,
and I brought it to my Bed,
No Child was spar'd that might
to stand me in my strength,
Nurse a young and val
for a royal Queen,
e all attendanc'd the
Lord daily then.

Never had Merchant's Wife
of Ladies such a Thing,
That came in gentle sort,
at the Hour of my Birth:
And when my swelling Womb
yielded up Nature's due,
Such a strange Monster was
surely Man never knew.

For it affrighted to
all the whole Company,
That every one fail in Heart,
Vengeance now draweth nigh.
It had two Faces strange,
and two Heads painted fair,
On the Brows curld Locks,
such as our wifes wear.

One Hand held like the Shape
of a fair Looking Glass,
In which I took Delight,
how my vain Beauty was.
The other seem'd to have
perfectly seen therein,
Like the Shape of a Rod,
scourging me for my sin.

These Womens wantonness,
and their vain foolish Minds
Never contented are
with what thing God assigns:
Look to it London Dames,
God keepeth Plagues in store.
And now the following part
of this Song therewit more.

Grief and Care kills my Heart;
where God offereded is,
As the poor Merchant's Wife
did worldly Comforts miss;
Strange were the Miseries
that she so long endur'd;
No Ease by Womens help
could be as her procur'd.

Hereupon the Child
With
Mother, you
brings this
Let your
or else the
Will scourge your
with a mere
Rod.

About his Neck a hunting Ruff,
it had now faintly,
Starched with white and blue,
seeming up
With Laces
as now ar
Thus
first in God.

The Breast
is
Now
the side
Ev. Part
had
Dw. to
the A.

From the Head to the Foot,
Monster like was it born,
Every part had the Shape
of Hell ne'v'ry.

On the Feet naked She
insteps had Riles red,
Whic in silk now is us'd
so vainly are we led.

Thus bath my Flesh and Blood,
nourish'd now near my Heart,
Puts me in mind of Sin,
and bids me now convert:
O let all Women then
take heed of wanton Pride;
Angels have fallen from Heaven,
and for that Sin have dy'd.

No sooner brought to Light
was this Frot of my Youth,
But to the Council-House
it was brought for a Truth:
Where to the Magistrates
in a most scurfal sort,
Began loud to spek,
and these Words did ran.

I am a Messenger
now sent from God on high,
To bid you all repaire,
Christ's coming draweth nigh.
Repent you all with speed,
this is a Message sure,
The World seems at an end,
and cannot long endure.

Pride is the Prince of Sin,
which is our chief delight;
Mankind repent with speed,
before the Lord doth smite:
This is my last adieu,
Repentance soon provide.
These were the latest Words
and to the Monster dy'd.

Great was the fear of those
tht these same Spectres
God grant an Oration in
have their Mind well
With true Repen
God's Mercy to
That never Woman kind
may bring forth bad Frot

And you fair English Dames
that in Pride do excell,
This woful Misery
in your Hearts print fell we
Let not Pride be your Guide,
for pride will have a Fall;
Maid and Wife, let my life
be a Warning to you all.

F I N A L E

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